

The Return Of The Russians

The Attack

I was sitting in my seat until Mr. Micheal yelled out my name over the booming noise,

“ Hey, Humzah go outside and check out what's going on.”

As I walk outside the noisy 9th-grade classroom to see what is going on I hear a resounding noise. The building right in front of our school gets blasted into pieces. A group of Russian soldiers approach the entrance to the school and start to murder everyone in their sight. I start to run as fast as I can so the large bloodthirsty dogs can't tear me into pieces. All my friends are dead lying in a pool of blood, I want to cry but I have to hold my feelings. My height gives me the advantage to slip out the window. All the signs that say Welcome to Toronto Canada are crushed into pieces.

I run across the long narrow street into another deserted building that once used to be a magnificent shopping mall. I see a young 13-year-old boy sitting in the corner with a trash can on his head holding on to a long gray metal pole for his dear life. I walk up to him to remove the ridiculous smelling trash can off his head.

“Ahhh, who are you?” he says as he begins to dust off his head.

“My name is Humzah, what's your name?” I say as I bend down.

“I'm Ethan, I'm 13 years old,” he says as stutters.

“Well you seem very brave don't you,” I say with the most casual expression.

He doesn't even seem to recognize that I am making fun of him. I start to hear the loud buzzing helicopters beginning to go away. I look out the old dusted window to see if anyone is injured. I see multiple men, women, and children on the cement road helpless.

"Let's go and see if we can get any medical attention for these people," I say running out through the glass automatic doors.

I walk into a white building with the bold words on the entrance saying EMERGENCY.

"Look around to see if there is anything that we can use to treat the injured," I say as I walk through the black and gray marble hallway. I walk up the long and dusty stairs to look for any supplies that we could use. I see Ethan approaching the door with a first aid kit in his long snow-white hands.

"You want to go and see what we can do to treat the civilians?" asked Ethan leaning on the side of the wooden door.

"Sure, I can't find anything anyway everything is buried."

We walk down the stairs to get out of the wrecked building to treat the survivors but before we get out of the building I spot a short light-skinned boy treating the survivors of the attack.

Can I Trust Him?

I walk through the ruined cement street to greet him.

"Are you sure you'll be fine?" he asks as the civilian gets up to stand.

"What's your name?" I ask.

"My name's Muhammad, what's your name?" he asks in a deep voice.

"My name is Humzah," I respond not sure if I could trust him.

"I think I treated everyone's wounds, we should evacuate the city before they come back."

"Good idea," I say still suspecting if he is trustworthy.

It begins to snow heavily as everyone starts to get up. I start to get second thoughts if we should evacuate the city. I decided that we should evacuate the city as soon as possible just in case we don't get attacked again. As we walk through the ruined city in the heavy snow I hear a body dropping onto the snow THUD.

"We are all going to die!" Ethan screams.

I run right over to assist Muhammad in carrying the old women. As we walk out the city gates I locate a black warehouse covered in snow. I yell at Ethan over the loud wind.

"Ethan go to the warehouse and make room so we can rest."

"Ok, I'll go right away," he says over the blowing wind.

As Ethan runs through the snow I hear another person dropping on the snow. Two men go over to the young boy to pick him up.

"Don't worry we are getting close to the warehouse," I said trying to calm everyone.

We finally get to the old warehouse but I get a feeling that we aren't safe here. Muhammad and I open the large heavy wooden doors SCREECH! I see Ethan walking down the rusted old stairs.

"There's an enormous meeting room upstairs where we can all rest in," stated Ethan.

"Perfect."

The stairs were so old and rusty that we heard creeks on each step we climbed up.

Exploring

I finally woke up from my terrible nightmare, the room was so dark that I could hardly even see what was in front of me. I managed to escape the room and reach over to the wall to see if there was a light switch, It was no use all that came out was smoke, although there was a room that I noticed on the right side of the hallway when we came in.

“ Can’t sleep?” asks Muhammad.

“Yeah, I had a horrible nightmare.”

“So you want to go see what's in that room?” I suggest wondering if he would be interested.

“Sure maybe we can find something useful.”

The room is full of spider webs it reminded me of the haunted house I went with my friends in December. There was an old crater in the side of the dusty old room, I opened the crater to find the least expected thing. As I open the dusty old crate I see multiple jet black SMGs.

“Woah!” Muhammad yells shockingly, “I didn't expect to find guns in this dusty old place.”

“Me neither, we can finally take back our city!”

I suddenly begin to notice that Ethan had been missing since we went to sleep.

“Have you see Ethan lately?” I ask as I look around.

“No, the last time I saw him was before we went to sleep.”

I hear the loud doors creak open and before my eyes, I see Ethan with twenty Russian soldiers wearing camo red jackets, their eyes were full of blood as if they weren't humans.

“Either join us or die!” yells Ethan causing everyone to wake up.

I walk down to surrender myself like a criminal who has been accused of murder going to his death rope. They start to tie me up as if they will sacrifice me. I leave the warehouse but in the meanwhile, Muhammad is preparing everyone for the big fight.

The Final Fight

In case anything happens we have to make a plan on how to fight off the Russians. You and the others will gear up while I will be held captive. After that come out and kill them all, DO NOT hesitate on killing.

After five minutes of walking in the freezing snow which felt like years, I hear a roaring sound of people running in my direction. BANG! BANG! The soldiers on my left and right drop like beads dropping from a string. Ethan doesn't hesitate on using me as a shield.

"Stay back or he dies!" he yelled pointing a long gun on the back of my forehead.

"Stay back, stay back," I say warning the survivors.

I hear a blaring sound from the back of my head BANG! I was fortunate enough that Muhammad shot Ethan in time.

"Thank you," I say hugging him, "you saved my life."

"My pleasure," Muhammad says as he lets go of me.

VROOM! I see multiple black and gray army trucks loaded with soldiers wearing bulky navy blue jackets coming our way.

Without hesitation, Muhammad points his long black gun at the bulky soldier.

"Wait!" the soldier says as he exits the broad truck, "We're here to help."

"How do we know we can trust you?" I say.

"Were the US Navy, we came to help as soon as we heard that the Russians bombed Toronto," he says with a deep voice, It seemed like he had been smoking since the day he was born.

"All right everybody, let us get back and rehabilitate our city," I asserted to get everyone's attention. As we all walk back to the city I mutter to myself, they always say "Keep your friends close but keep your enemies closer."